

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER
OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident No: 1/LDL E103J

"DOCTOR WHO"
SERIAL 6D

EPISODE 3: 'Snake Dance'

by

Christopher Bailey

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Director	FIONA CUMMING
Designer	JAN SPOCZYNSKI
Script Editor	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate	ANGELA SMITH
Production Manager	MARGOT HAYHOE
A.F.M.	MAGGY CAMPBELL
Production Assistant	RITA DUNN
Costume Designer	KEN TREW
Make-Up Artist	MARION RICHARDS
Visual Effects Designer	ANDY LAZELL
TML	HENRY BARBER
Sound Supervisor	MARTIN RIDOUT
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music by	MALCOLM CLARKE
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

Film Read Thru: 30th march.

FILMING: 1 DAY FILM - WEDNESDAY 31st MARCH

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 1st April - 10 April, 1982
15th April - 24 April, 1982

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 12/13/14 April
26/27/28 April, 1982.

TRANSMISSION: TBC STORY NO. 2 IN TRANSMISSION ORDER.

"THEY'RE HERE" - EPISODE 3: "Gale's Dance"

CASIE

DIR. DOCTOR

YES?

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE HERE PLACE (THE CHILDREN)

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE

HERE

THEY'RE

Int. Main Chamber.

Int. Hidden Chamber.

Int. Tunnel.

Ext. Cavernous.

THEY'RE

THEY'RE

THEY'RE

THEY'RE

THEY'RE

THEY'RE

THEY'RE

Int. Amongst the Rocks (edged by dawn)

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6D

EPISODE 3: 'Snake Dance'

by

Christopher Bailey

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Among the Rocks.
(Edged by desert) Dawn.

Sunrise. A LONG SLOW
look round at rocks, shadows,
stunted bushes, piles
of stones, and a staff stuck
into the ground with forked
end upwards, a live snake
twining round it.

Nearby, DOJJEN, the snake
dancer, sits, cross-legged,
motionless, eyes closed.

The crystal around his
neck glowing blue.

1. INT. A CELL. DAWN.

(ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE BARS, THE
DOCTOR SITS ON
THE BED.

CHELA COMES IN

CARRYING A
TRAY. SWITCHES ON
LIGHT. CELL DINGY)

CHELA: I've brought you
some food.

THE DOCTOR: (COMES TO BARS)
How long am I to be kept
locked up here?

CHELA: Do you want it?

(THE DOCTOR TAKES
FOOD THROUGH
THE BARS)

THE DOCTOR: Well! Come on!
Surely, at least, you can tell
me that!

(CHELA HESITATES
THEN DECIDING)

CHELA: The Director's
instructions are, that you are
to be kept here until after
the Ceremony this afternoon.
And then you will be free to
leave.

- 3/3 -

THE DOCTOR: (URGENTLY)
But then it will be too late!
Don't you see! Whatever is
to happen, will happen at
the Ceremony.

- 3 -

2. INT. CAVE (MAIN CHAMBER) DAY.

(THE HEAD OF THE
BAS-RELIEF, WITH
THE EMPTY SOCKET.

TRAVEL SLOWLY DOWN
THE BODY TO THE
TAIL.

THEN, THE ROCK PANEL
SLIDES BACK AND
LON STEPS OUT.

BEHIND HIM, IN THE
HIDDEN CHAMBER, TEGAN,
AND DUGDALE, STAND
AGAINST THE WALL)

LON: (INDICATES DUGDALE)
What about him?

TEGAN: He cannot interfere.
His mind is locked into the
dream.

LON: But -

TEGAN: He is not important!
Only the Great Crystal is
important! I need the Great
Crystal!

(LON ATTEMPTS TO
BE OFFHAND)

LON: Well ... (cont ...)

(TUCKS STATUETTE
INTO HIS CLOTHES)

- 3/5 -

LON: (cont) I will have to see
what I can do.

TEGAN: You must not fail me!

LON: No!

(LOOKS DOWN
AT MARA SNAKEHEAD
ON THE BACK OF
HIS HAND)

No, I understand.

- 5 -

3. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(CHELA GOES.

THE DOCTOR TRIES
TO PRESS HOME POINT
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE)

THE DOCTOR: Look, d'you think
I'm inventing all this? That
it's all a fantastic nonsense?
What for? What would I have
to gain?

(CHELA STOPS,
WITHOUT TURNING
ROUND)

But you're not sure it is all
nonsense, are you?

(CHELA WITHOUT
TURNING ROUND)

CHELA: Yes, of course I am.

THE DOCTOR: Then why are you
hesitating now? And why did
you tell me about the Crystal?

CHELA: (QUIET) Because
you're not the first.

THE DOCTOR: Not the first?
Not the first what? Not the
first crank to come along with
a lunatic theory?

- 3/7 -

CHELA: (TURNS) Dojjen,
the Director before Ambril,
he too was convinced that one
day the Mara would return.

- 7 -

4. EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE. (SNAKEMOUTH) DAY.

(PEOPLE PUTTING
UP BUNTING, OR
WHATEVER, IN
PREPARATION FOR
THE CEREMONY.

LON COMES FROM
THE CAVE, PAUSES,
LOOKS AT THE
ACTIVITY, SMILES
AND CONTINUES ON,
DOWN THE STEPS)

5. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(AS BEFORE)

THE DOCTOR: Well? And? ...
what about Dojjen? What
happened to him? Where is
he now?

CHELA: (DECIDES) No. It
doesn't matter. It was ten
years ago, and besides the
Great Crystal is safe. Ambril
has charge of it.

(AND HE GOES.

THE DOCTOR BANGS
THE BARS, JUST ONCE,
IN HIS FRUSTRATION)

6. INT. LON/TANHA'S SUITE. DAY.

(TANHA BREAKFASTING.

LON COMES IN, FROM
THE OUTSIDE.

HE'S DISMAYED TO
SEE HER. HE'S COME
TO GET HIS GLOVES FROM
HIS ROOM, TO CONCEAL
THE MARA-MARK. IN
THE MEANTIME HE MUST
HIDE HIS HAND FROM
TANHA)

TANHA: Lon, where have you
been?

LON: Out.

TANHA: Out?

LON: Yes.

TANHA: Come here. I want to
look at you.

LON: Whatever for?

TANHA: Come here. (HE DOES)
When I saw your room was
empty I very nearly raised the
alarm. But ... I didn't want
to embarrass you(?)

LON: Embarrass me?

TANHA: (PLAYFUL) Yes. If you were out somewhere(?) Having fun (?) Making mischief of some kind (?) Were you? Whilst your mother was stuck at the official dinner being bored into tiny pieces? I sincerely hope not, Lon. I should never forgive you.

LON: No mother I wasn't.

TANHA: Promise me! (NOTICES)
What's that?

(LON THINKS SHE'S
SEEN THE MARK)

LON: What?

(TANHA POINTS.
SHE MEANS THE
OBJECT)

TANHA: Show me.

LON: (PRODUCES IT) It's nothing. A cheap fake. That's all. I picked it up in the market.

TANHA: (BEWILDERED) Lon, since when have you been interested.

LON: It caught my eye. That's all. Mother I won't have you asking questions.

(HE STORMS INTO
HIS ROOM, LEAVING
TANHA, HOLDING THE
OBJECT, SURPRISED)

7. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(NYSSA COMES INTO
VIEW, FROM THE
OUTSIDE.

CAUTIOUS. TENTATIVE.
SOMEBODY IS COMING
FROM THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION.

IT IS CHELA.

HE OPENS THE DOOR
AND GOES INTO AMBRIL'S
ROOM, WITHOUT SEEING
HER.

SHE CONTINUES ALONG,
QUICKLY GLANCES THROUGH
THE GLASS PANEL INTO
AMBRIL'S ROOM, AND
SNEAKS PAST)

8. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(AMBRIL SEATED AT
HIS TABLE.

A TATTERED
HAND-WRITTEN BOOK
IN FRONT OF HIM.

CHELA HOVERS
NEARBY. WAITING.

AMBRIL FINALLY LOOKS
UP)

AMBRIL: Well?

CHELA: I've taken him food.

AMBRIL: He should be grateful ...
Well? Was there something
else?

CHELA: I think he's harmless.

AMBRIL: Harmless. Of course
he's harmless. The man
suffers from nothing more
serious than an overheated
imagination. (POINTEDLY)
Which I trust, is not contagious.
Or is it?

CHELA: (UNHAPPILY) No
Director.

AMBRIL: Good. I'm very glad
to hear it.

9. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(NYSSA PROCEEDS
CAUTIOUSLY)

THE DOCTOR: (OOV) No! I
do not want anymore blankets.
I want to get out of here.

(THE VOICE COMES
FROM BEHIND THE
DOOR OF THE ROOM
CONTAINING THE CELL.

THE DOOR HALF OPENS.
A SERVANT IS SEEN)

(OOV) Please ask your master
to come and see me.

(THE DOOR OPENS
AND THE ANNOYED
SERVANT EMERGES,
SLAMMING THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM, AND
WALKS OFF IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION
FROM NYSSA.

NYSSA LETS OUT A
SIGH OF RELIEF)

10. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(NYSSA TENTATIVELY
LOOKS ROUND THE
DOOR, AND SEES THE
DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Nyssa! What are
you doing here?

NYSSA: When you didn't
return, I thought something
must have happened.

THE DOCTOR: Did anyone see you?

NYSSA: No, I don't think so.

THE DOCTOR: Good, well listen -

11. INT. LON/TANHA'S SUITE. DAY.

(LON COMES OUT OF
HIS ROOM. HE'S
NOW WEARING GLOVES.
HE GOES UP TO
TANHA)

LON: (ABRUPTLY) Give it to me!

(HE HOLDS OUT HIS
HAND FOR THE
OBJECT. SHE
HANDS IT OVER)

Thankyou.

(GOES TOWARDS THE
DOOR)

TANHA: Lon, where are you
going?

(WITHOUT ANSWERING,
HE SLAMS OUT. HER
FACE MIRRORS HER
CONFUSION AT THE
CHANGE IN HIM)

12. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(AMBRIL CLOSING
THE BOOK IN
DISGUST)

AMBRIL: Besides, Doctor of what exactly? That's what I'd like to know. I'm sure the man has no academic standing whatsoever. Look at this!

(THROWS TATTERED
BOOK TO CHELA)

CHELA: What is it?

AMBRIL: The meanderings of another crank. It's Dojjen's diary. Written in the months before he finally decided his particular line of research was best pursued up in the hills, with a snake wrapped round his neck. The last entry is of interest. Medical interest! He addresses what, at that stage, remained of his wits, to the question: 'Where is the Mara?'

(CHELA HAS EAGERLY
FOUND THE PLACE,
READS, AND IS
DISAPPOINTED)

AMBRIL: Well, read it out!

(LON, UNNOTICED,
STANDS IN THE
DOORWAY LISTENING)

CHELA: (PUZZLED) 'Where the Winds of Restlessness blow. Where the Fires Of Greed burn. Where Hatred chills the blood. Here! In the Great Mind's Eye. Here, in the depths of the Human Heart. Nowhere else. The Darkness falls. Inside and Outside. Here is the Mara. Perseverance furthers.'

AMBRIL: (TRIUMPHANT) You see!

CHELA: (PUZZLED) Is it a code?

AMBRIL: Of course it's not a code. It's just nonsense. Pure and simple. Woolly-minded nonsense. And, speaking for myself, I have spent my life precisely in avoiding the sort of question to which an answer is apparently possible only in bad verse.

LON: (IN THE DOORWAY) A thoroughly commendable attitude.

AMBRIL: (STARTLED) My lord.

LON: (PLEASANTLY) Good morning to you both. I need to ask a favour. A private favour. (TO CHELA) If you don't mind?

AMBRIL: (GETS UP) No, my lord, of course he doesn't mind. Why should he mind?

- 3/19 -

(CHELA TURNS TO
GO, TAKING THE
BOOK)

AMBRIL: (TO LON) My lord, what
can I do for you?

13. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR STILL
LOCKED UP.)

NYSSA SHAKES THE
BARS IN HER
FRUSTRATION)

THE DOCTOR: It's no use, Nyssa.
I have tried.

NYSSA: But this is so silly.

THE DOCTOR: The lock is
extremely primitive. It's
practically a museum piece.
No electronic-impluse-matrix
to decode. No sonic micro-
circuit to disrupt. Crude
mechanical six-barrel
movement. Key operated.
Primitive but adequate.
More than adequate in fact.
Because the key is what we
don't have.

NYSSA: There must be something -

(A NOISE OUTSIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Quickly. (cont ...)

(NYSSA HIDES HERSELF.)

CHELA COMES IN
CARRYING THE
BOOK. HE DOESN'T
SEE HER)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Have
you come to let me out?

CHELA: (HOLDS OUT BOOK)
I've brought you this. It's
Dojjen's diary. Look at the
last page.

THE DOCTOR: I'd much rather
you unlocked the door and let
me out.

(TAKES BOOK)

CHELA: You know I can't do
that.

THE DOCTOR: (INNOCENT) Why?
Don't you have the key?

CHELA: No, I don't -

THE DOCTOR: (MUSES) Ambril
I suppose (?)

CHELA: (BEWILDERED) What?

THE DOCTOR: Has the key ...
in his room.

CHELA: Yes, I suppose so.

(NYSSA REGISTERS)

(SUDDENLY AGGRIVATED) What
are you talking about? I
thought you'd be interested.
(IN THE BOOK) But if -

(CHELA MAKES TO
TURN TOWARDS
THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: (QUICKLY) No.
Wait. Of course I'm interested.
The last page you say.

(OPENS THE BOOK.
SURREPTITIOUSLY
SIGNALS TO NYSSA
WHO SLIPS AWAY)

14. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

AMBRIL: No!

LON: Why not?

AMBRIL: Excuse me, my lord.
Nothing would give me greater
pleasure. But it's simply not
possible. I am bound by an
oath. An oath I had to swear
on taking office. An oath
dating back to the time of
the Mara's destruction.

LON: But you do know where it
is?

AMBRIL: I'm sorry my lord.
Not even the Federator himself
may see the Great Crystal ...
Although, I may say, I'm
gratified by your awakened
interest.

LON: You know how it is.
With time on one's hands, one
pokes around. Surprising
really what one can turn up!

AMBRIL: Yes, I -

(HE STOPS AMAZED
AS HE SEES THE
SUMARAN ART
OBJECT LON HAS
PRODUCED FROM
HIS CLOTHING,
AND WHICH HE
HOLDS UP)

15. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR CLOSES
THE BOOK, WITHOUT
A COMMENT)

CHELA: (EAGERLY) Well?

THE DOCTOR: There's a reference
to the Great Mind's Eye.

CHELA: And it was the last
thing Dojjen wrote before ...

(HE STOPS HIMSELF)

THE DOCTOR: Before he what?

CHELA: Give it back to me.
I just thought you might be
able to make some sense of
it.

THE DOCTOR: (NOT TO BE
DEFLECTED) 'It was the last
thing Dojjen wrote before
he ...' What?

CHELA: (UNHAPPILY) ...
Before he danced the Dance
of the Snake.

16. INT. CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE AMBRIL'S ROOM).

(NYSSA CAUTIOUSLY
PEEKS THROUGH
THE GLASS PANEL
BY THE DOOR INTO
AMBRIL'S ROOM.

SHE (WE) CAN'T
HEAR ANYTHING
BUT SHE (WE) CAN
SEE AMBRIL AND
LON STANDING
TOGETHER.

AMBRIL CLUTCHING
THE OBJECT,
BESIDE HIMSELF
WITH EXCITEMENT.

NYSSA DUCKS BACK,
OUT OF SIGHT FROM
THE PANEL)

17. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

AMBRIL: (EXCITED) - Yes,
of course it's genuine.
There can be no doubt.
It's in perfect condition.
Where did you find it?

LON: (NON-COMMITAL) Oh ...

AMBRIL: (BURSTING OUT) Tell
me where! (RECOVERS) ... I
apologise my lord. But you
must understand what a
discovery like this means to
me.

LON: Is it valuable?

AMBRIL: Beyond price.

LON: And rare?

AMBRIL: Unique. My lord,
please ...

LON: How strange ...

AMBRIL: Why?

LON: As far as I could see
they did seem to be scattered
around rather.

AMBRIL: (DID HE REALLY HEAR
THAT!) 'Scattered around' ...
'They' ... How many?

LON: I didn't count them.

AMBRIL: But many? Many
though? Lots? Were there
lots? Please!! Tell me!

LON: Perhaps you'd like to
come and see for yourself?

(WOULD HE? HE'S
DESPERATE TO
SEE THEM)

Then stay close behind me.

(THEY GO -)

18. INT. CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE AMBRIL'S
ROOM.

(- OUT OF THE
DOOR, ALONG
THE CORRIDOR,
AND OUT OF SHOT.

NYSSA STEPS INTO
VIEW, HESITATES,
LOOKS UP AND
DOWN THE CORRIDOR,
AND SLIPS INTO
THE ROOM)

19. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

CHELA: But the Snake Dance is banned. Its performance was forbidden by the Federation nearly a hundred years ago. On pain of death.

THE DOCTOR: Why?

CHELA: It was thought to imply a lack of confidence in the rule of the Federation. So it was replaced by the Ceremony we have today. Which gives people the opportunity to celebrate the destruction of the Mara -

THE DOCTOR: Rather than dread its Return!

CHELA: The Snake Dancers fled to the hills. As outcasts. Many were hunted down by Federation troops and slaughtered.

THE DOCTOR: What was the function of the Dance?

CHELA: According to the legend, the Mara's return may only be resisted by those of perfectly clear mind. The dance was a dance of purification.

THE DOCTOR: Sounds harmless enough.

CHELA: It frightened people. Apparently it involved the use of certain powers -

THE DOCTOR: (URGENTLY) What kind of powers?

CHELA: Mental powers. Easily misunderstood.

(THE DOCTOR MAKING
THE LINK WITH THE
CRYSTAL AROUND
HIS NECK)

THE DOCTOR: ... Yes, of course!

21. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: And Dojjen?
(PROMPTS) ... You said
that Dojjen had danced
the Dance of the Snake?

CHELA: (UNHAPPILY) Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Meaning?
Meaning that Dojjen himself
is a Snake Dancer. Now.
Living up in the hills.

CHELA: The Federation ban
is still technically in
force. The Snake Dancers
are Outcasts. If it was
ever known ... the reputation
of the Research Institute as
a serious scientific body -

(THE DOCTOR CUTTING
HIM OFF. STERNLY)

THE DOCTOR: Dojjen believed
the legend of the Mara's
return. He became so convinced
that he gave up everything:
position, reputation, wealth,
comfort ... in order to purify
himself in readiness.

CHELA: But, Doctor, nobody
these days believes in legends!?

22. EXT. MARKET. PUPPET BOOTH. DAY.

(CUT TO THRONGS
THRONGING.

LAUGHING, GAWPING,
WHATEVER. SEEN
FROM MILDLY
UNFLATTERING ANGLES.

PUPPET SHOW IN
PROGRESS. PEOPLE
STOPPED TO WATCH,
IDLY, GATHERED ROUND.
TWO OR THREE CHILDREN
SAT, CROSS-LEGGED AT
THE FRONT, RAPT.

THE MANUSSAN PUNCH
PUPPET MERCILESSLY
BATTERS THE MANUSSAN
JUDY AND, AS SHE DROPS
OUT OF SIGHT, EXULTS.

IN THE BACKGROUND
LON AND AMBRIL COME
INTO VIEW)

23. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(NYSSA HELD BY
THE BODYGUARD.

TANHA, AT A BIT
OF A LOSS AS TO
WHAT TO DO)

TANHA: Oh, where's Ambril?
He should be here. I'm really
not sure what to do. It's
hardly a situation one meets ...

(SEES THE KEY,
TAKES IT)

Well, I suppose you'd better come
with me. Isn't that what one
says in a situation like this!

(NYSSA'S FACE)

24. EXT. MARKET. PUPPET BOOTH. DAY.

(LON CLOCKS A STALL
NEXT TO THE BOOTH
SELLING THE CEREMONIAL
LANTERNS ON STICKS -
(SMALL, ROUND, WHITE,
WIRE AND PAPER JAPANESE
LAMPSHADES WITH SNAKE
FACES CRUDELY PAINTED
ON))

LON: What are those?

AMBRIL: Ceremonial lanterns
my lord.

LON: Wait here!

AMBRIL: Why?

LON: Just do as I say! (cont ...)

(LON GOES TO BUY
TWO LANTERNS.

AMBRIL WAITS.

THE PUPPET SHOW GOES
ON. A PUPPET SNAKE
POPS UP, CREEPS UP ON
THE UNSUSPECTING MANUSSAN
PUNCH. TERRIFIES HIM.

PUNCH RECOVERS HIS COURAGE
AND WANTS TO FIGHT.

THE SNAKE ISN'T IMPRESSED
AND GOBBLES HIM UP.

LINGER ON PUNCH'S
HEAD LODGED IN THE
SNAKE'S MOUTH - IN
FACT, AN IMITATION OF
WHAT HAPPENS TO TEGAN
IN EPISODE FOUR.

CUTAWAYS, WHERE APPROPRIATE
TO CHILDREN WATCHING
SAUCER-EYED.

END OF SHOW. APPLAUSE
AND LAUGHTER.

AMBRIL DOESN'T JOIN
IN.

LON RETURNS WITH TWO
LANTERNS)

LON: (cont) Right!

AMBRIL: What are they for, my
lord?

LON: We must be equipped.

AMBRIL: Where are we going?

LON: You must wait and see.
Come along.

(AMBRIL FOLLOWS)

25. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(AS THE DOOR OPENS,
CHELA LOOKS ROUND.

TANHA COMES IN)

CHELA: (ASTONISHED) My lady!

TANHA: Bring her in.

(THE BODYGUARD BRINGS
NYSSA IN)

NYSSA: I'm sorry Doctor.

26. EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE. SNAKEMOUTH. DAY.

(THE BUNTING IN PLACE,
AND NOBODY AROUND.)

LON AND AMBRIL HAVE
PAUSED.

LON CARRIES THE LANTERNS)

AMBRIL: In there? (SNAKEMOUTH)
Impossible! All the passages
have been thoroughly explored.
Every inch of ground excavated.
Over the years.

(LON WAITS)

... Are they?

(LON, CHEERFULLY, HANDING
AMBRIL ONE OF THE LANTERNS)

LON: Come along! (AN IDEA)
No, wait! We may as well do
this properly!

(HE TAKES SCARF FROM
AROUND HIS NECK AND
IMPROVISES A BLINDFOLD)

AMBRIL: (SUSPICIOUS) What's
that?

LON: It's a blindfold. Put
it on please.

AMBRIL: Certainly not!

LON: (CASUALLY) Very well.
(TURNS AWAY) As you wish!

AMBRIL: No! Wait!

(LON STOPS)

Do I have to?

LON: (TURNING BACK) No. You don't have to. It all depends on how badly you want the honour of having personally discovered -

AMBRIL: Personally discovered? You would allow me to take the credit! You wouldn't say anything!

LON: Not a word. (HOLDING OUT BLINDFOLD) So, it's up to you, isn't it (?)

27. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(NYSSA IMPATIENTLY
BEHIND BARS.

THE DOCTOR BEHIND
HER, SAT ON THE
BED, READING DOJJEN'S
DIARY)

NYSSA: (TURNING) What are we
going to do?

THE DOCTOR: (READING) Shush.

NYSSA: (EXASPERATED) Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKS UP) What
do you suggest?

NYSSA: We've got to get out of
here.

THE DOCTOR: How?

(CUTAWAY TO THE
CRUDE OLD LOCK)

NYSSA: If only we still had
the Sonic Screwdriver!

THE DOCTOR: (MILDLY) But we
haven't. So, for the time being,
we must make use of what we do
have!

NYSSA: What?!

(THE DOCTOR HOLDING
UP DOJJEN'S DIARY)

THE DOCTOR: This.

NYSSA: (FRUSTRATION BOILING OVER)
Doctor! Stop it! That's just
stupid. How is a Diary written
ten years ago going to help us
now! ... (RECOVERS) I'm sorry.

THE DOCTOR: Relax.

NYSSA: How can I. Being in
here. And what about Tegan?
I feel responsible. Twice
now I've -

THE DOCTOR: (CUTS HER OFF)
Nonsense. If anybody's
responsible it's me. I
seriously underestimated the
hold the Mara had on her mind ...
But it doesn't help, to dwell
on past mistakes. It simply
reduces your effectiveness in
the present. ... Besides
there's something else.

NYSSA: What?

THE DOCTOR: Just a hunch I
have about somebody, that's
all. Somebody who, as things
develop, will begin to realise
that we're right. Until he
does, we must try and be patient.

NYSSA: But who?

28. INT. CORRIDOR/AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(CHELA WHO IS
USHERING TANHA INTO
THE ROOM)

TANHA: It was rather
thrilling. In its own small
way. It was pure chance that
I happened along at that
particular moment. Shall I
put this (THE KEY) back on
the table? (SHE DOES) I
was actually looking for my
son.

CHELA: He was here, my lady.

TANHA: Was he?

CHELA: He had something to
discuss with the Director.

TANHA: (PUZZLED) Did he?
How very odd!

CHELA: (ALERT) Why do you say
that?

TANHA: Oh well, he's obviously
found something to interest him.
I suppose I should be grateful.
My son is really very sensitive.
But he does find it difficult
to keep himself amused.

29. INT. CAVE. MAIN CHAMBER. DAY.

(LON ENJOYING HIMSELF
HUGELY, SADISTICALLY)

LON: Right. Step forward!

(HE STANDS BACK FROM
AMBRIL, WHO STANDS
UNCERTAINLY, BLINDFOLDED,
ARMS TREMULOUS IN FRONT
OF HIM, HOLDING THE
LANTERN, NOW LIT.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
CAVE. NOT UNNATURALLY
HE IS DISORIENTATED AND
NOT A LITTLE AFRAID)

Walk on.

(AMBRIL DOES)

That's it. You're doing
splendidly. Keep going.
That's it!

(AMBRIL HAS STUMBLED UP
TO THE ROCK WALL,
OPPOSITE THE HIDDEN
ENTRANCE)

Wait there!

AMBRIL: (ALARMED) What is it!

LON: Don't move. (cont ...)

(LON PRESSES THE
CONCEALED LEVER.
THE ROCK WALL IN
FRONT OF AMBRIL'S
NOSE SLIDES BACK,
REVEALING HIDDEN
CHAMBER)

LON: (cont) Take four paces
forward. And stop!

(AMBRIL STEPS INTO
THE HIDDEN CHAMBER.

LON FOLLOWS, PRESSES
THE CORRESPONDING LEVER
INSIDE AND THE ROCK
WALL SLIDES BACK)

30. INT. CAVE (HIDDEN CHAMBER). DARK.

(COMPLETELY DARK,
EXCEPT FOR THE
LANTERN AMBRIL
HOLDS)

AMBRIL: Where am I?

LON: Where do you think you
are? (LIGHTS HIS OWN LAMP)

AMBRIL: Are we there?

(LON UNTIES THE
BLINDFOLD.

LON HOLDING HIS
LANTERN TO THE
OBJECTS ON THE
FLOOR)

LON: Look!

(AMBRIL SEES THE
OBJECTS. OVER-
WHELMED. DOWN
ON HIS KNEES,
SCRABBLING, UNCOVERING,
HANDLING OBJECTS)

I trust you're not disappointed!

AMBRIL: Disappointed?

LON: So it was all worth
it!

AMBRIL: My lord, of course.
The existence of these objects
... completely unsuspected.
Hitherto. How can I even
thank you! This is the finest
moment of my entire -

(HE COMES ACROSS
DUGDALE'S FEET.
EXPLORES UPWARDS
BY THE LIGHT OF
LANTERN.

DUGDALE'S EYES
BLANK AND STARING)

(TURNS TO LON) But ...?

(LON SMILES.

AMBRIL TURNS BACK
TO DUGDALE, WHO
DOESN'T REACT.
THEN SUDDENLY, AN
ABRUPT INSANE
BURST OF FAIRGROUND
PATTER)

DUGDALE: - entertainment.
Children half price. Step
this way please. For the
Spectacle of a Lifetime.
Tread the Misty Corridors
of Time. Visit the Dark and
Distant Shores of the
Imagination. I offer my
Guarantee, my Personal
Guarantee, that you will
not be dis-

(STOPS ABRUPTLY)

AMBRIL: (TURNING TO LON) ...
Who? ... Where am I? ...
What is this place?

- 3/47 -

(LON IS ENJOYING
THIS.

TEGAN HISSING
OUT OF THE SHADOWS)

TEGAN: Stop wasting time!

(LON STOPS
LAUGHING.

AMBRIL BRINGS
HIMSELF TO FACE
THIS FRESH HORROR.

TEGAN'S FACE IS
NOW EVEN MORE
RED AND PUFFY)

Where is the Great Crystal?

31. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
NYSSA SIT SIDE
BY SIDE.

NYSSA READS THE
DIARY.

THE DOCTOR WAITS
FOR HER REACTION)

THE DOCTOR: Well?

NYSSA: (ENQUIRING) The
mathematical formulae in
the early part of the diary?

THE DOCTOR: Quantum Theory.
At an advanced level.
Unresolved. Not surprisingly.
At that level of abstraction,
the most you can hope for is
to demonstrate that your
assumptions are internally
consistent.

(NYSSA LEAFS
THROUGH)

... Well?

NYSSA: Doctor, what exactly
are you asking me?

THE DOCTOR: Dojjen's diary
is the record of a journey.
A private mental journey.
He must have discovered
something that finally decided
him -

NYSSA: But to do with
what?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know.
With the Mara? Or the
Crystal? Or the history
of the planet?

NYSSA: Doctor, the Crystal
is man-made.

THE DOCTOR: (ASTONISHED)
What!

32. INT. CAVE (HIDDEN CHAMBER). DARK.

(AMBRIL'S LAMP
BURNS BRIGHTLY
ON THE FLOOR.

AMBRIL ARMS FULL
OF ARTEFACTS.
COVERED IN DUST.
MIND RACING)

AMBRIL: It's all a hoax,
isn't it! A prank, my lord?
At my expense? These are
friends of yours, aren't they.
Dressed up. The natural
high spirits of the young.
I know you mean no harm.
It's all an elaborate hoax.
Isn't it!?

LON: ... And those? (THE
OBJECTS)

AMBRIL: These?

LON: Yes.

(TAKES A POTTERY
PIECE OUT OF
AMBRIL'S ARMS)

Are these a hoax? They look
genuine. But I defer to your
opinion. After all, you're
the expert.

- 3/51 -

(AND LON LETS IT
DROP. IT SMASHES
ON THE FOOR)

AMBRIL: No!

TEGAN: (ROARS) Where is
the Great Crystal?

- 51 -

33. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKING AT
CRYSTAL PENDANT)

THE DOCTOR: No. Of course,
I should have realised.

NYSSA: To function as
they do, the crystals must
possess a molecular structure
tuned to the exact wave-
lengths of the human mind.

THE DOCTOR: And structurally
they must be absolutely
perfect: free of all flaws
and distortions. Even the
minute distortions induced
by the effects of gravity.

NYSSA: What are you saying?

THE DOCTOR: The crystals
were designed and built by
a people who had mastered
the techniques of molecular
engineering in a zero-
gravity environment. (HOLDING
UP CRYSTAL) ... And, according
to Chela, they are over eight
hundred years old.

34. INT. CAVE (HIDDEN CHAMBER). DAY.

AMBRIL: (REFUSING) No.
Besides, why is everybody
suddenly interested -

LON: Everybody??

TEGAN: Who else?

(AMBRIL LOOKING
FROM ONE TO THE
OTHER)

AMBRIL: A crank. A semi-
educated nobody.

TEGAN: His name?

AMBRIL: He calls himself
The Doctor. Although, I
personally rather doubt -

(TEGAN CUTTING
HIM SHORT. TO LON)

TEGAN: The Doctor must not
interfere. He must be killed.

AMBRIL: (BEWILDERED) Killed?

LON: Take no notice.
My friend (TEGAN) has a theory. And in order to test it, the Great Crystal must be placed in its socket during the Ceremony. That is all we are asking.

AMBRIL: My lord, it's impossible.

TEGAN: Nothing is impossible.

AMBRIL: (TO LON. ENTREATING)
Please!

LON: (ICE-COLD) Listen to me.

(CALMLY PLUCKS
AN OBJECT OUT
OF AMBRIL'S ARMS)

If you don't agree, I promise you, you will never set eyes on any of these ... trinkets, not ever again. (TAKES ANOTHER) You will always know that they did exist somewhere. (ANOTHER) That you discovered them. Once! (ANOTHER) Saw them. Once! (ANOTHER) Held them in your hands. Once! (ANOTHER) And then lost them forever. It's up to you!

(LON REACHES FOR
THE LAST OBJECT.

AMBRIL CAN BEAR
IT NO LONGER)

- 3/55 -

AMBRIL: No. Wait.

(LOOKS FROM LON
TO TEGAN AND BACK)

Alright, I agree. I agree.

(CU TEGAN'S FACE.
SATISFIED)

- 55 -

35. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
PACES UP AND
DOWN. EXCITED,
THINKING IT OUT)

NYSSA: But there would
be records! A people
eight hundred years ago
capable of molecular
engineering -

THE DOCTOR: Not necessarily.
I suspect that, when they
built the Great Crystal,
they neglected to ask them-
selves the only important
question! What was it that
was in their minds to which
the Crystal would then give
form? The nature of the
Mental Energy absorbed
would determine the nature
of the Matter created. The
Great Crystal absorbed what
was in their minds - the
Restlessness, the Hatred,
the Greed - absorbed it,
amplified it, reflected it -

NYSSA: - and created the
Mara!

THE DOCTOR: 'The Darkness
Falls. Inside and Outside.'
Look! (cont....)

(SHOWS NYSSA
THE BOOK)

THE DOCTOR: (cont)

Because, in the dark times that must have followed, during the Sumaran Era, the Manussans came to forget everything they had once been. Everything they had once known. They must have even forgotten the most important thing of all. That the Mara was something that they themselves had blindly brought into being.

36. EXT. OUTSIDE CAVE ENTRANCE(SNAKEMOUTH)
DAY.

(AMBRIL STANDS,
BLINDFOLDED.

LON BEHIND HIM
UNTIES BLINDFOLD.

THEY DON'T HAVE
LANTERNS.

AMBRIL BLINKING
IN THE LIGHT)

AMBRIL: Where are they?

LON: They're quite safe.

AMBRIL: But -

LON: If you cooperate,
you can 'discover' them again,
after the Ceremony. It's
really not long to wait.
Come on!

AMBRIL: But your friend ...?

(LON GLOVED HAND
ROUND HIS SHOULDER)

LON: She is looking after
them for you! Come on!

(HE LEADS HIM AWAY)

37. INT. CAVE (HIDDEN CHAMBER).

(LIT BY TWO
LANTERNS. TEGAN'S
EYES GLOW RED.
SHE'S CONCENTRATING.
SHE HOLDS HER HAND,
PALM DOWN IN FRONT
OF HER.

DUGDALE'S EYES
SHIFT DOWN TO HER
HAND.

SHE FOLLOWS HIS
LOOK. THE SNAKE-
HEAD ON THE BACK
OF HER HAND BEGINS
TO SWELL, GROWS
AND STARTS TO
WRAP ITSELF AROUND
HER WRIST)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Amongst the rocks.

DOJJEN sits as in
Telecine One. Strange.
Mysterious.

38. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

NYSSA: But if Dojjen had worked out what had happened- ?

THE DOCTOR: (INTERRUPTING)
Only some of it. The rest he must have learnt from the Snakedancers, who had kept the knowledge alive, hidden in legends, traditions, the names they gave to things.

NYSSA: (CONTINUING) And if he became convinced that the Mara would return -

THE DOCTOR: (INTERRUPTING AGAIN) Yes. One day. Sooner or later. Perhaps not even in his lifetime. He had no way of knowing exactly when. And nobody would listen. Just as they won't listen to us.

NYSSA: (COMPLETING HER QUESTION) Then why didn't he simply destroy the Great Crystal when it was in his charge?

THE DOCTOR: (STUMPED) Good question ... I don't know. ... Let's see. We know what will happen. When. Even to a certain extent, how. And why. But what we don't know is how it can be stopped.

- 3/62 -

NYSSA: (LOOKING AT THE
BARS) ... And in the
meantime ...

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING AT
THE BARS) Yes.

(THE SAME IDEA
OCCURS TO BOTH
OF THEM AT THE
SAME TIME.

NYSSA HANDS TIN
CUP TO THE DOCTOR.
SHE USES TIN TRAY.

THEY START BANGING
ON THE BARS)

- 62 -

40. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(PEACE AND QUIET.

TANHA SITS.

CHELA ENTERS)

TANHA: No sign?

CHELA: Not as yet, my lady. As soon as the Director and the lord Lon show up, I will of course -

TANHA: (DISMISSIVE) Yes, yes of course.

(CHELA TURNS TO GO)

It is difficult for him, isn't it? My son. He is young. Impatient. He knows that one day he will be Federator and rule over the three worlds. My husband is an old man. But he is lingering on rather. He could live for years. So my son must wait. The young do not like to wait, do they? As a rule? You may speak freely. Strictly between ourselves?

(CHELA SEES LON
IN THE DOORWAY)

(SEEING LON) Lon! Where have you been?

LON: Nowhere, mother. We've
been exploring. Ambril has
been showing me around. That's
all. Haven't you?

(AMBRIL APPEARS
BEHIND LON.
DISHEVELLED,
COVERED IN DUST.
HOLDING HIMSELF
TOGETHER WITH
SOME DIFFICULTY)

40. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(THE DIN, AS THEY
CONTINUE TO BANG
THE BARS)

THE DOCTOR: Stop! Nyssa, stop!
(SHE DOES) - It's no use is it.
Either nobody can hear us
us or -

NYSSA: But what else can we do?

THE DOCTOR: Nothing we can do.
We must wait, that's all.

41 . INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(CHELA LOOKS ON,
BEWILDERED BY
AMRBIL'S APPEARANCE
AND MANNER.

LON BRUSHES HIM DOWN)

LON: My fault I'm afraid.
I did rather insist. And
I'm afraid he's got a little
dusty in the process. He
has an announcement to make.

AMBRIL: (TO LON, BEWILDERED)
Do I?

LON: (PROMPTS) Yes, you do.

AMBRIL: Yes. (GATHERS HIS
WITS) In honour of the
special esteem ... (PETERS OUT)

TANHA: Lon, what's the matter
with the man!

AMBRIL: In the ceremony this
afternoon, Lon, the son of
the present Federator, will
play the part of his
illustrious ancestor who
five hundred years ago
defeated the Mara, and
established the Federation.
And, in honour of the
ocassion, the Great Crystal,
the Great Mind's Eye, will,
for the first time, be
inserted in its rightful
place -

CHELA: (INTERRUPTS) No!

LON: (SMOOTH) Oh why?
Will that be difficult? I
know sometimes these last
minute changes of plan -

CHELA: (TO AMBRIL) Director,
it is expressly forbidden ...

AMBRIL: (MUTTERS) Superstition.
Just foolish superstition.

LON: (STEPS IN) It's my
fault I'm afraid. You see
it was my idea.

CHELA: (PUZZLED) Your idea?
But why?

LON: (TURNS TO TANHA)
Mother, do you have any
objection?

AMBRIL: Those are my
instructions. And I will
have them obeyed. To the
letter.

LON: (TO AMBRIL) Then fetch
the Great Crystal would you!

AMBRIL: Now?

LON: (AFFABLY) Why not
now? After all we may as
well have a look at it.
(cont ...)

(AMBRIL GOES)

- 3/68 -

LON: (cont) Well I think
a drink! Whilst we're
waiting. (TO CHELA) Will
you join us?

(CHELA DECIDES AND
MOVES OVER TO THE
DESK)

CHELA: No, my lord. I'm
afraid my other duties.

LON: Of course. Very
commendable. You mustn't
neglect your duties.

(CHELA PICKS UP THE
KEY. MEANWHILE:)

TANHA: Lon, perhaps now you
will tell me what's been
going on?

LON: Of course mother. I'd
be glad to.

(HALF AN EYE
ON CHELA)

CHELA: Excuse me, my lord,
my lady.

LON: (OFFHAND) Yes, of course.

(CHELA GOES.

LON IMMEDIATELY
TURNS TO TANHA)

Mother, what was on the table.
He picked something up off the
table. What was it?

- 68 -

42. INT. CAVE (HIDDEN CHAMBER) DARK.

(DUGDALE'S EYES,
RIVETED ON TEGAN'S
ARM. BEADS OF
SWEAT)

TEGAN: (V.O.) Well, Showman!
And are you dreaming it?
Perhaps you are! Because,
after all, you have no choice!
Do you! You have got to look!

(A BRIEF GLIMPSE
OF WHAT DUGDALE
IS LOOKING AT.

TEGAN'S ARM,
THE SNAKE, NOW
HUGE, WRAPPED
AROUND IT)

43. INT. THE CELL. DAY.

(CHELA HURRIES
IN, HOLDING UP
THE KEY FOR THE
DOCTOR TO SEE)

THE DOCTOR: (DELIGHTED) Well
done!

CHELA: (UNLOCKS THE DOOR)
Be quiet. There's no time.

THE DOCTOR: What made you
change your mind?

CHELA: Come on. (IMPATIENTLY)

44. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(AMBRIL STANDS
WATCHING BY THE
DOOR. LOOKING
SIDELONG THROUGH
THE GLASS PANEL
ALONG THE
CORRIDOR)

TANHA: Lon, are you sure?
He seems such a pleasant
young man.

LON: (STILL WATCHING) He's
taken the key. It proves he's
involved.

45. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THEY MOVE QUICKLY)

CHELA: We must get out of the house at once.

NYSSA: (TO THE DOCTOR) And back to the Tardis?

THE DOCTOR: You're forgetting Tegan.

45. INT. AMBRIL'S ROOM. DAY.

(LON BUSTLES
ABOUT)

LON: I want the house sealed.

(TANHA IS SURPRISED
BY LON'S UNACUSTOMED
AGGRESSION)

They must not escape!

TANHA: But Lon -

LON: Be quiet, mother. You
expect me to allow those who
plot my death go free!

TANHA: Your death?

LON: Isn't it obvious?

47. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(CHELA LEADS THE
DOCTOR AND NYSSA,
ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

THEY TURN A CORNER
AND ARE FACED BY
THE BODYGUARD NOW
GLAD IN CEREMONIAL
ARMOUR.

THE IMAGE SHOULD BE
MASSIVE, GROTESQUE,
EVIL)

CHELA: Oh no.

THE DOCTOR: Back the way we came!

(THEY TURN, BUT
FIND THEIR RETREAT
IS CUT OFF BY A
SECOND GUARD IN
CEREMONIAL ARMOUR.

THEY ARE TRAPPED.

THE DOCTOR ATTEMPTS
TO BE FLIP)

All right. We give in.

(LON STEPS INTO
THE CORRIDOR)

LON: Give in. You talk as
though you have a choice.
(cont ...)

- 3/75 -

(LON CLICKS HIS
FINGERS.

THE GUARDS DRAW
THEIR SWORDS)

LON: (cont) Kill them!

SUPOSE CAM

Closing
Credits:

FADE OUT

- 75 -